SOME NEW BOOKS.

Schonler's History of the United States. The third volume of the History of the United States by James Schouler (W. H. Mor-rison) covers the period from March 4, 1817, to March 4, 1831, or, in other words, the eight years of Monroe's, the four years of Adams's, and the first two years of Jackson's tenure of the Presidential office. This installment of a seful and creditable work has the merits of its predecessors, and is also open to the same eriticisms which bear, however, rather on shortcomings of diction than on serious defeets of method or of substance. As regards the author's success in conforming to high literary standards, it cannot be said that he lacks the primal virtue of lucidity, for he can nowhere be accused of failing to express his meaning, al-though we sometimes feel that he might have done it more effectively. Now and then his style is careless, and again, as if to show compunction for such inadvertence, the author permits himself to use too labored and ambitious language. Having in view the two American historians whose themes are to some extent identical with his own subjects, most readers will think, we imagine, that, in respect of mere form, he is less accurate than Hildreth, and less fluent and animated than McMaster. If we turn to the important questions of the specific purpose and the point of view, we shall recognize at once that Mr. Schouler's book is sharply differentiated from those just named His is a constitutional, McMaster's is intended to be a popular history. The one portrays the evolution of political events and deals with those public men who exercised a more or less direct and important influence upon them; the latter aims to reproduce the social aspects and activities of the community at large, and to enable us to enter into the life and thought of the average American citizen, as he was moulded by conditions materially different from those of our own day. Hildreth, on the other hand, so far as his unfinished narrative embraces the same period as that depicted by Mr. Schouler, meant to write what would be welcomed as a correct account of political con-troversies and changes—the only form of hisnoble administration, and in most points of tory with which he was acquainted-but, ungeneral policy he showed a rare sense in deal luckily for even his attainment of complete ing with men and events such as his enemies success in the narrow field he entered on he could not easily appreciate." had been an oye and ear witness of the ferocious struggles and rankling animosities be California Sixty Years Ago. tween Federalists and Republicans, and could not wholly free himself from the temper of a partisan. He is so blind to the morits of Democratic leaders, and especially of Jefferson and Jackson, that his readers, if they had no other means of information, would be at a loss to understand the extraordinary

not only of Jackson's military services, but of the sound measures by which from the outset he endeared his Administration to the people. exemplify the candor and trustworthiness of this valuable history. It is hard, of course, for any man, no matter how much he may dislike to impute unworthy motives, to get over the harsh fact that Clay virtually made Adams President, and that the very next day after the latter's election he announced that he should invite Clay to be his Socretary of State. If there were no bargain of the friars as loyal subjects of the King, the here, the circumstances certainly bore the mark.
or, as the friends of Jackson said, the trail of parture, and infirmity, the ruin of San Ferone, and it is not surprising that the Adams Administration was from the start placed on the defensive, and as irrevocably condemned to obloguy as we have seen that of Mr. Hayes to be. Yet it is by no means certain that Clay intended to propose, or that Adams consciously accepted. a transaction so diagraceful as the sale of a great Cabinet office for a certain number of wotes in a body sworn to execute in single-Let us hear from Mr. Schouler on this subject. He may be said in one breath to castigate the act and in some degree to exonerate its authors. After pointing out that the alliance between Clay and Adams "was proclaimed in the face of a timely, though angry warning, and as if to brave an opposition which charged foul play," Mr. Schouler lays down the sound principle that "to vindicate the purity of perional motives by taking the tainted advantage is courage misplaced; for blunders as well as erimes may turn out fatal in politics. No caim pursuit of duty, no denial, no solemn assevertion, no address to constituents, no duel-for, if duels could establish honor in such a case. of friends nor the retraction of opponents. from that transaction. For the question was not of moral intentions alone, but of moral ef-What Mr. Schouler means by moral may be commended to the few who still venture to defend the action of the Electoral Com-mission. "In order," he says, "that the legal title should conform to the spirit of equity, it was essential that the choice of President by the House, which set aside the popular or

hold acquired by these men on the affection and esteem of a very large

majority of their fellow countrymen. It is plain,

for instance, that the popular enthusiasm for

Jackson in particular made on Hildreth much

the same impression as was produced on Fes-

tus by the fervid eloquence of Paul. He thinks that the people of the United States were mad.

It is a relief for those who wish not only to see

all the facts, but to see them placed in the right light, to pass from him to Mr. Schouler, for the

latter seems entirely unwarped by personal

prepossessions and antipathles, or by party spirit. We would not, indeed, affirm that in

his view of the constitutionality and expe-

diency of some momentous innovations Mr.

Schouler is not at times disposed to favor doc-

trines formerly associated with Federal princi-

ples, but his reasons are always set forth so-berly and modestly, and he is almost feverishly

anxious to deserve the praise of impartiality by exhibiting with equal amplitude and em-

phasis what may be said on the other side. We

of his spirit and his wary aversion to pro-

of his narrative, the account of the negotia-

which preceded the election of John Quincy

Adams to the Presidency by the House of Rep-

resentatives. His singularly cautious treatment of this once scorching topic, whose em-

here cannot even now be raked by the fingers

picion of corrupt bias." On the other hand, it is acknowledged freely and, indeed, eagerly, that "both Clay and Adams were men of probity; both professed a delicate regard for personal reputation. Anything so gross as the direct barter of votes for an office was foreign to their methods, to those of Adams in particular, and their ample demial should dispel the charge of a corrupt understanding in the most believe sense of the · Obliquity was never proved. though Jackson and his friends returned constantly to the charge. Nothing, in short, worthy the calm attention of posterity is left of this story except the admissions of the principals concerned in their own contemporary writings since published." When he looks at these admissions of the principals Mr. Schouler cannot but regard them as, while not fatal, yet more damaging than they are sometimes represented. "Candor must declare, in view these writings [Clay's letters and Adams's diary), that many a campaign consure has gained credit on less circumstantial testimony. The fairest conclusion, therefore, convicts both of essential indecorum; and, while Clay's was the greater, upon Adams came the heavier burden of odium. . . Not through personal friends alone, whose overtures, if too eager, might have been disayowed, but in person (their approaches paving the way to his own con-

ential interview), Clay oppressed Adams

with the full sense of his power, his friendly

slectoral preference, should not only be, but

should appear wholly untainted by the sus-

it, as one may infer, in some sort a matter of Incedo per ignes is the comment in Adama's diary on the overtures made him by one of Clay's friends. They were, indeed, fires that destroyed his own prospect of later political usefulness and honor as the head of a great party. And it is a melancholy outcome of the scrupulous probity and anxious self-inspection visible on every page of his diary that the most favorable verdict attainable from an historian on his conduct at the most momentous crisis of his life is the indecisive one-Not Proven. At the point where his narrative breaks off March 4, 1831, Mr. Schouler has not yet been called upon to discuss at length the most important measures of Jackson's Presidency, his course toward the United States Bank, and his treatment of South Carolina's attempt to nulify a Federal statute. But already he shows himself, unlike Hildreth, able to appreciate the worth of the services which Jackson proved himself capable of rendering in civil as well as military life. "Jackson," Mr. Schouler says, betrayed rudeness and ignorance in various points of policy; but there was something of sa gacity, fervid energy, and independence in his dealing with the main problems of the day which gave a piquant interest in his conduct of affairs, and went far toward establishing his popularity more firmly than ever. Force of character makes a way more quickly than correct ideas; and a democracy like ours is always blind to the faults of its heroes, and more es pecially of its military ones, so long as their idelity remains above suspicion. There could be no question of Jackson's democracy, and, what was more, he loved his country, took pride in the high position he held, and was a man of personal integrity untainted by corruption. . In methods as well as theories he kept his party." On the latter point the author had touched a little earlier. "The vicious character of many of Jackson's first appointments to office one should ascribe chiefly to haste, his political ignorance, and the pecutiar instinct which guided his selection. He was honest and upright in the general endeavor to give to his countrymen a high and

The comprehensive scheme projected by Mr. H. H. BANCHOFT contemplates not only a general history of the Pacific States that shall be of lasting interest to readers everywhere, but also a minute chronicle of events in particular localities that shall take the place usu ally filled by State and county annals. It is evidently in pursuance of his secondary purpose that he now devotes a volume of some 800 pages to an account of the small and scattered settlements founded in California during the first quarter of the present century. The audience to which the author presumably appeals in those parts of his narrative which recount the conquest of Mexico and the progress of discovery in the Northwest, would probably be satisfied to see the contents of this volume condensed in a chapter or in a paragraph; but Californians, no doubt, will be pleased to see the small beginnings of their commonwealth described with so much amplitude and unction. We find appended, for example, to this book a list of the pioneers who came to California before the end of 1830, and, although the record has no value for the genportance in the eyes of their descendants.

Of how much consequence the outlying prov-

ince of California seemed to the Governments will look, by way of demonstrating the fairness whose seat was the city of Mexico may be inferred from the fact mentioned by Mr. Bancroft nounced animadversion, at a crucial passage in the last chapter of this book, that its population (exclusive of Indians) had increased tions, if we are not to call them intrigues, from 3,270 in 1820 to 4,250 in 1830; that is to say, if every man, woman, and child of white or mixed blood. scattered over its vast territory at the close of the period covered by this volume, had been brought together, they would, at the utmost, have peopled a village of average size. About a third of the increment in ten years seems to have accrued from emigration, and included 50 officers and soldiers, 150 convicts, and 150 settlers of non-Spanish origin. The number of missions had increased from 19 to 21, but the number of padres had fallen off from 37 to 26. and the number of the neophyte population had declined from 20,500 to 18,000. The overthrow of Spanish rule in Mexico had not been favorable to the work of converting Indians on the frontier. On this head Mr. Bancroft writes: The success of republicanism, the troubles nando College, the suspension of stipends from the plous fund, and above all, the unmistakable endency of the times toward a speedy secularization-all these things left the Franciscani but slight grounds for hope." fact is also noted that although the regular clergy had done most of the little that had been hitherto accomplished toward the colonization of California, "there was no one in the province authorized to administer the rite of confirmation, and the Californians seem not to have been greatly troubled by the want. Secu. lar priests who happened to visit the coast on Spanish vessels were not allowed to receive confessions by the Franciscan authorities. though they sometimes wished to do so There was no longer any officer of the Holy Inquisition, since that institution had ceased to exist." Nevertheless, "compliance with church duties seems to have been as strictly enforced in theory, at least, under republican as under royal rule; and no series of regulations for Pueblo or Presidio was complete without the most stringent rules for such conform ity." As regards the methods of Pueblo ad ministration, there were, it seems, no radical changes under the republican régime. Even sixty years ago they had a land ques

tion in California. We read that "on the distribution and occupation of the soil by actual settlers the future prosperity of the country was understood to depend, and while th rights of the Indians were in theory conceded. the retention by Franciscan communities of all the best lands, under the pretence that the Indians were being fitted to enjoy their rights at some period in the distant future," excited a good deal of opposition. "The provailing opinion of the provincial legislators was in fa vor of reducing the ranchos, not only of individuals, but of missions, to an extent corre sponding with the real needs of the occupants Even in these early times the tendency to a monopoly of land was recognized as an evil." In puny communities like these, all of which combined, as we have seen, could not muster 5,000 inhabitants, few traces of manufacturing industry would be looked for. Mr. Bancroft makes the most of the faint indications, and assures us that "coarse wooilen fabrics were woven at the missions; hides were tanned for shoes, sacks, and loose saddles; soap was made in considerable quantities, and a variety of necessary articles of wood, iron or leather were produced by native or foreign workmen. La. borers of all kinds were still, for the most part. Indians hired from the missions or from the Gentile rancherias. Doubtless in some instances the Indians were compelled to work for nothing, but the authorities made some efforts to prevent such abuses." As to Califor-nian agriculture and stock raising at this epoch, we learn that 1830, compared with 1820, showed a loss in sheep of 40,000, and a decline of 27,000 bushels in the crop of grain.

Did the Spanish and half-breed settlers at

this time have no suspicion of the vast mineral wealth of the land they dwelt in? According to Mr. Bancroft, "missionary reports in 1822 were to the effect that no mines had been found in California, except the Ortega silver mine on the rancho San Isidro, which had been several times worked with unknown results; though there were rumors and 'dreams' of metallic

Amords in 1822, like the rest, said there were no mines around his mission of San Rafael: but the next year he expressed to Arguello his opinion that the Bussians in a recent expedition from Bodega inland had discovered a silver mine, urging this as a reason why the Spaniards should make every exertion to explore and hold that coun-. Near Monterey an event occurred try. which, at the least, seems to have served as the foundation of a mining tradition in later years. About 1825 one Romero and his wife found rich sliver-bearing rock near a warm spring in the mountains back of Carmelo valley, to which they had been directed by Indians as a cure for the woman's rheumatism. The man died while on his way south to obtain miners; but Maria Romero, with the aid of her children, worked the mine secretly on a small scale, and occasionally sold small bars of silver mixed with lead to Capt. Cooper and others. David Spence is cited as authority for this story, which was mentioned as early as 1860, and was published in the newspapers of 1872 in connection with the alleged rediscovery of the mine."

Book Notes.

You will travel far and seek long before you and a more delightful book for fifty cents than the "Canterbury Pilgrimage" of Juseph and Elizabeth Pennell (Scribners). The American artist and his wife made the pilgrimage on a tricycle, and their pens and pencils have preserved in charming form the memories of the excursion.

Young men who are ambitious to become orators will find an abundance of useful savice in Prof. Coppens's "Art of Oratorial Composition" (Catholic Publication Society Co.). The author is a professor in the St. Louis

University. He has written an interesting treatise. A curious and comparatively unknown episode in American history was the struggle in 1764-91 between the original settlers of the New Hampshire grants—that is, the territory now included in the State of Vermon and certain land monopolists and speculators in New York claiming title under the grant of tharles II, to the Duke of York a century earlier. Ethina Allen was the con-picuous figure on the side of the settlers, and under the representation of the second of the succession of the succession of the second in the second in the second in the second of the second in York and Vermont. The land troubles were only ter minated by the admission of Vermont to the Union as "a new and entire member of the United States of Amer-ica." This period in the early history of Vermont was full of stirring and dramatic incidents. A very clear and carefully written account of the whole controversy is contained in Mr. Philip H. Smith's "The Green Mou-tain Boys" (P. H. Smith, Pawing, N. Y.). The mon graph is important.

"A Troubled Heart, and How it was Comforted at Last" (Joseph A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.) is a spiritual autobiography. The troubled heart was in need of a creed, and it found comfort in the Church of Rome. "Object Lessons on Plants" (A. Lovell & Co.) is a primer of botany as taught in Grammar School No. 49 in this city. It is designed for the teacher quite as much as for the pupil, and it forms Part 3 of the excellent series of text books entitled "Practical Work in the

The English-looking cover of "Sweet Mace," by G. Manville Fenn (Cassell & Co.), prepares the reader for a historical novel of the times of James II., quite old fashioned and refreshing in its abundance of incident. You will also read with pleasure, if your taste is for stories of Lancashiro life, William Westali's "The Old

Factory" (Cassells).

Mr. William H. Rideing is a magazine writer who has the knack of interesting description. He has written a novel, "A Little Upstart" (Cupples, Upham & Co.), which is one of the books worth reading. The Appletons publish a school edition of Dr. Hodson's "Errors in the Use of English." The examples of bad

English are taken in many instances from the works of authors of high reputation.
"Enthralled and Reicased," (Thos. R. Knox & Co.) is a new translation from the German of E. Werner's "Gebaunt und Eriost." This fact should, but does not,

appear on the title page.

Mr. Heury Mann of Providence replies to some of Mr.
Mallock's arguments, and collects a variety of news-paper essays on social and religious themes in a small volume entitled "Features of Society in Old and New

Regiand" (S. S. Rider, Providence).

The author of a pamphfet on "The Philosophy of Art in America" (W. R. Jenkins) is add to be a member of the National Academy of Design. He writes under the pseudosyme of Carl De Muldor, and he presents a ous and rather foolish essay in favor of the cres tion of a Department of Art, as one of the departments of the United States Government. That is his theme: but the bulk of the book is made up of rambling plati-

under and gush.

Here is a real "love romance of real life" from the wonderful manufactory of T. B. Peterson & Bros. We are assured that "Mank Mayuard's Wife" from the year of Frankis Paling King, possesses "wonderful power, rare originality, and a degree of absorbing interest selfon extracted." dom attained."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published in pretty shape Edward G. Gerstle, a sonnet-producing young man, who makes this appouncement and asks this question:

The world is set against me to a man. I will win glory if a mortal can; But if I fail beneath th' opposing spear, Will none tament me with a pitying tear? The collegian also asks, with what scems to us to be

unnecessary excitement:

creasing.

That with mighty sound is swelling, greater, louder, hour by hour?

Can it be the proclamation of Man's glory still uncease. Of the giant strides of Science, or the Age's wondrous

We don't know for certain, Edward, but we fancy that what you hear is the roar of Jacob Sharp's horse cars passing down Broadway. Cheur up, believe that the whole world is not set against you, and try some better way of winning glory than by paying a publisher to print fool verses.

print foot verses.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's stories seem to have a steady sale. "Kathleen" is one of the most resdable, and the Petersons have issued a new and cheap edition. A Milwaukee physician, Dr. Lewis Sherman, has com-plied a "Handbook of Pronunciation." It is a credit-able, if not wholly successful attempt to illustrate the principles of correct pronunciation more perfectly than is done in the standard dictionaries.

is dought the standard dictionaries.

Gottsberger, whose selections from the foreign literatures are notably judicious, publishes a translation by
Jennie W. Raum of Mme. Sophic Cottin's romance of the crusades, "Matilita, Princess of England."
"Snob Papers" (Petersons) is a florid and vulgar, yet

frequently amusing picture of life in the roaring tow of San Francisco. The Parker Battery of Richmond, Virginia, fought on

The Confederate side from the second Bull Run to Ap-pottomax. "Where Men Only Dare to Go; or, The Boy Company" (Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond) is the somewhat fantastic title of what is really a very in teresting and instructive history of the achievements of one of the most brilliant organizations in the Con

federate artillery.

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway is the author of a very sulegistic blogrophy of Gen. Oliver O. Howard of the United States Army (Funk & Wagnalis). She calls him the "Christian hero," and a Christian he undoubtedly is, making mistakes of the head but not of the conscience He was a brave and respectable officer during the civil war, but when he was put at the head of the Freedmen's Bureau he got into a place he was not fit for, and a bad mess be made of it.

mess he made of it.

The latest novel in the Franklin Square Library is
"Lewis Arundel: or, The Railroad of Life," by Frank E.
Smedley, He is the author of "Frank Fairlegh."

The third edition of Prof. Nourse's "American Explorations in the Ice Zones" has made its appearance (Lothrop & Co.) It is a very handsome volume, beauti-

fully and profusely illustrated.

There is a large class of people in this country to whom army life on the frontier is entirely unknown. To such we commend "Boots and Baddles." by Elizabeth B. Custer (Harpers), the wislow of the late Gen. Custer. It is a graphic and touching account of her experiences with her husband, who commanded the Seventh Regular Cavalry in its movement from Ken lucky to Yankton, and in its march thence to Bismarch and Fort Lincoln in the spring of 1873. It also describes the trials and pleasures of garrison life, the rigors of northern winter on the treeless plains, and gives many interesting details as to the occupation of the officers and their families in garrison and on the march. It is pleasingly written, and bears patients but unconscious testimony to the gentleness and devotion of the galiant but unfortunate Custer to his parents, his brothers and sters, and especially to his faith

Palse Tooth in the Surf. From the Ashury Park Journal.

"I have noticed," said a bathing-house clerk yesterday, "that there is one arries never reported in the list of things missed and storement reported in the list of things missed and storement that have the list of things missed and storement that have taken in the other man. There were some that must have cost face price when new some that must have cost face price when new in the last houses where hather have left them—forgotten them, and were too remajive to come back and make houly. In all my experience I near knew but two peops who had the courage to come here and tell their story. The first one was no did tany we too her that we had a large stock of the articles she was in quest of on hand and I gave her this box, and took her to take her choice, she saidown and examined set after set and thank broken in a cy of deight, 'Oil here they are.' When I turned around, suce enough she was siming at mitmough a row of shing test that tooked as a particular office. Adams, who was conciliating support wherever he could short of giving dishonorable plotages—more complaisant, in fact, that winter, with the prize thus dangling before his reach, than ever before or after—caught at Clay's full meaning, making.

PORTRY OF THE PERIOD.

Love and Cards. From the Banon Courier. The youth and maden sat alone
Upon the period strand
Beside the sea, and in his own
He held her hij hand.

He gazed into her expehire eyes— "I love you sweet," he said; The maiden answered him with sighs And bushing hung her head. the superior claims of Christianity, the Jew replied:
"Sir, as long as I see that my religion produces superior
results to yours. I have no desire to change it. A religion which keeps its men out of jails and its women on He pressed the hand so soft and white, He kissed the dimpled chin, And ward, " If I played cards to-night I know that I would win.

You ask me why, you shall be told."
He pressed the ingers white;
"I know I'd win because I hold
A lovely hand to night." To a Dandelton.

From Outing.

Little mimic of the sun,
Hiding in the fragrant grass,
Have you any kisses win
From the prety maids who pass?
When the sun sips down the west
Semie fair girl shall come in quest
Of the secret which you lock

At the very verge of night, When the summer twilight's breath When the summer twillights break!
Makes you dizzy with delight,
Dance in happiness to death;
When the peaceful moon shall peep
Down from starili sales that weep
Tegra of sweet, delienue dew,
Tender, gracious eyes shall keep
Quies company with you
'Neath the heaven's cover blue.

Ab. you dainty, mony ghost, see what him your westom brings! Fell me, raw, what angels boast is such a zeptay for their wings? Just because the hour you tell. She repays your marie well—Warts you off to paradise; Sounds for you a gentle knell; Lights your journey with her eyes; Would that I were haif so wise!

FRANK D. SHERMAR. A Reistah Protest.

From Punch. Oh, do not bring the earlish here: The cattled is a name of fear. Oh, sparse eich stream and spring. The Kennet swift, the Wandle clear. The lake, the loch, the broad, the mere, From that detested thing!

The catfish is a hideous beast.

A bottom-feeder that doth feast
Upon unboly hair:
He's no addition to your meal,
He's rather richer than the eel,
And ranker than the skate!

His face is broad, and flat, and glum;

He grows into a startling size;
The British matron "twould surprise,
And rase her burning blush,
To see white catheh, large as man,
Through what the bards cail" waters wan "
Come with an uniy rush!

They say the cather climbs the trees.
And robs the rooss, and, down the breese,
Fredomy his casterwait.
Ah, laws him in his Western Bood,
Where Mississiphi churus the mud;
Don't bring him here at all!

Consider the Ravens. From the Cook.

Lord, according to Thy words, I have considered Thy birds; And I find their life good. And better the better understood; Rowing neither corn nor wheat, They have all that they can eat; Reaping no more than they cow, They have all they can stow; Having neither barn nor store, llungry again, they can more.

Considering. I see, too, that they liave a busy life, and plenty of play; In the earth they die ther bills deep. And work well though they do not heap; Then to play in the air they are not loath, And their nexts between are better than both. But this is when there blow no storms: When berries are pienty in winter, and worms When their feathers are thick, and oil is suot To keep the cold out and the rain off: If there should come a long hard frost, Then it looks as thy birds were lost.

But I consider further, and fied A hungry bird has a free mind; He is hungry to-day, not to-morrow; Riesie no comfort, no grief doth borrow; This moment is his, Tny will harb raid it. The next is nothing till Thom heat made it.

The bird has pain, but has no fear, Which is the worst of any gear; When cold and huncer and harm betide him, He gathers them not, to suff inside him; Content with the day's life has got, He waits just, nor baggies with his lot; Neither Jimbles God's will With driplets from his own still.

With arbitets from his own still.

But next I see, in my endoewor,
Thy birds here do not live forever;
That cold or hunger, cickness or age,
Finishes their earthly stare;
The rook drops without a stroke,
And never gives another croak;
Birds lie here, and birds lie there,
With little feathers all astare;
And in Thy own sermon, Thou
That the sparrow falls dost allow.

It shall not cause me any alarm,
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Beeing our Father, Thou heat said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed;
Therefore it is a birssed place.
And the sparrow in high grace.
It cometh, therefore, to thin, Lord;
I cometh, therefore, to thin, Lord;
And heuseforth will be Thy bird.

GRONGE MACDOFALD.

For Music. From Good Words.

I said to my sorrow, var (*). Too long hast thou lingered here; At last from my heart I banish A guest I have held too dear.

I summoned the winds to bear me To isles of the furthest deep, But ever grief hovered near me, And ever it bade me weep.

I prayed to the years to hasten My youth, that it would not stay, But the shadow did not lessen, And followed me night and day.

I called upon Love to mestle
Within my bosom secure.
But Love was afraid to wrestle
With a fee so strong and pure.

Then I hade my soul surrender, Since the contest was in vain. When music divine and tender Had pity on my pain.

With music my sorrow mated,
With music my arrief took wing,
The sadness was all translated,
As winter is changed to spring.
M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Shipwreck Wood. From All the Fear Round.

See! how the frelight fiashes on the pane. Look, how it flickers to the raftered roof. That shinot gives its brightness back again, No far the darkling shadows hold ato. f. See how it dances, and the warmth is good; But all my fire is made of shipwreck wood.

Jem brought these turn from his first voyage back; Will found these beads one day at Risinere; And the gold bund the cleaps my ruffles, Jack Bought me with half his pay at Singapore. Each speaks of fore and strength, and hardshood; But all my fire is made of shipwreck wood.

The sea is roaring over wandering grave.
Where all my best and bravest is at peace.
I have a requise in the monaing waves
That only with my parting breath will cease.
The sea has given ne work and warmth and food;
But all my fire is "nade of shipwreck wood.

Shelley. From the Athenaum.

All powers and virtues that ennoble men— The hero's courage and the marryr's truth, The sain's white purity, the probet's ken, The high unworldiness of ardent youth, The post's rapture, the apostic's ruth— Informed the song, whose theme, all themes above, was still the sole supremacy of Love.

The peaks of thunder exhoing through the sky,
The meaning and the surging roar of seas,
The rushing of the storm's stern harmony.
The suttlest whispers of the summer breeze,
The noterof singing birds, the hum of bees,
All seconds of nature, sweet and wild and strong,
Commingled in the flowing of the song:

Which flowing mirrored all the universe;
With sursets flashing down the solden lines,
And mountains tow-ring in the lofty werse.
And landscapes with their olives and their vines
Spread out betweath a sum which ever shines:
With mounit seas and pure star-spanged shies—
The World a Form and Earth Faradise.

A voice divinely sweet, a voice no less
Divinely sal; for all the meddening lar
Of all the wide world sin and wretchedness
ewelled round its mucle, as when round a star
everlied round its mucle, as when round a star
Purch all others of body a star and its white light man
Earth's air translates it to melodious moan.

From the Western Christian Advocate

The odor sweet of new mown hay
Is wafted o'er the land;
Filed high, the sheaves of golden grain,
Wait for the tirresher's hand.

Wide, billowy fields of corn uplift. Their bunners broad and green. With plenty's promise graven bright On each, in guittering sheen.

The leafy vine bends low with weight Of juncy clusters fair. Of juncy clusters fair.
Springtime's giad propheries fulfilled.
The burdened orchards bear. O'er all the land trown-handed Toll and patient Toutt have wrought D v after day till dreams have been To full frantion brought.

Yet not to them all praise be given, Not all to Ted and furth; Who gives the increase," unto Him Our grateful hearte we lift.

Who can the richly varied store of goodly gifts behold.

For my with larget's prophet hard, "Thy works, how manifold"

Elizabeth E. Stanzes.

OPINIONS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY, CUBIOUS FRATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE.

The Jows Protect their Women. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: It seems a singular assertion to make, retit is nevertheless true, that the Jews are the only race who, in any efficient de-gree, protect their women. When that soldier, saint, and here, Stonawall Jackson, once urged upon a Jew

of houses of ill-repute is not to be lightly forsaken."

Although the Jews cannot enforce their own civil laws, yet these laws form, to a great extent, their habits laws, yet these laws form, to a great extent, their habits and opinions, and therefore they regard female shome as an opinions, and therefore they regard female shome as the season of the season of

A County Cork Man Writes About the Christian Brothers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I was much surprised on reading a letter in to-day's issue of your valuable paper containing strictures on the recent article published by you from the pen of the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly in reference to the teaching of the Christian Brothers in Ireland, my surprise being particularly great as I observed that your Boston correspondent wrote over the nom de plume of my native county. Cork. I must take entire exception to the remarks in that letter. I fail to see why a body of men like the Christian Brothers, with their splendid education and the instructive ability acquired by them during probation, should not be able to fit the youth of Ireland for a prominent place in the material battle of life simply because they have taken upon themselves the monastic vows of "porerty, chastity, and obedience."

I hose not my fellow Cork must have the Christian Brosselves the monastic work of your cry, chastity, and obedience.

I hose not my fellow Cork must have the Christian Brosselves in the material battle of the monastic work of youth? He is not a cirric, as your correspondent is disposed to aver. In fact, he has no connection with the clergy, being independent of them altogether. He is simply a realous Christian man, who, without fee or reward, teaches the youth all that they require to know to enable them to advance themselves in this word, not forgetting that other world where material, earthly progress will not count.

If your correspondent were acquainted with the county Oork, and the systems of education in vogue there, and if he were not himself one of the agnostice the speaks of its Christian fronters as an institution where the best secular education can be obtained, combined with a religious training, without which all knowledge is a curse. Brothers in Ireland, my surprise being particularly great

bined with a religious training, window which edge is a curse.

Rurely the teaching of the Government (common) schools in Ireland—ac-called national—with the imperfect material and truly Godiess education they linear, cannot be compared to the labor of love of those yould brothers who forsake the world to prepare the youth of their country for a successful contact with earthly things and a better life hereafter.

New York, Aug. 13.

ANOTHER COUNTY CORE.

Schools of the Christian Brothers and of New

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir : In you valuable issue of to-day I was surprised to learn that any one who pretends to be an Irishman, especially when hailing from the county of Cork, should find fault in any way with the teachings of those good and great men, the Christian Brothers.

The Christian Brothers of Cork are known throughout

The Christian Brothers of Cork are known throughout the south of Ireland, and, in fact, where education is the theme of conversation, as being learned and gifted gentlemen, free from all bigotry, and if all men were to accept of the simple religious instructions which they impart it would not in any way prevent them from making their mark or obstruct their success.

In conclusion, I will claim for the system in operation under the direction of the Chiesian Brothers every thing will say that a boy from the Christian Brothers' school in Ireland will show more general intelligence than a boy who has been achouled in the New England system, boy who has been achouled in the New England system. One thing is quite certain, that boys from the Brothers' schools would not be afraid of a New England civil service examination.

New YORK, Aug. 13.

313 West Forty-second street.

Capture of a Battle Fing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In a list

f captured Confede ate flags stored in the vaults of the War Depiriment The Sus of Sunday mentioned one as "captured by a private (name unknown) of the Eightysecond New York Volunteers." This fing, supposed to belong to the Seventh of Virginia, was captured at the belong to the Seventh of Virginia, was captured at the battle of Gettyaburg, July 3, 1864, by Corporal Hugh Carey, who was in temporary command of Company E of the Eighty-second Regiment, its commander, Lieut. John H. McDonsid, having been killed early in the day, togother with the regiment's colone, James Heuston, and many of its officers and men. Carey was shot through the arm and side, it was supposed mortally, and left on the field for forty-eight hours after the flight. He was subsequently discovered it ving, borne to the rear and afterward sent to the hospital on Governor's Island, when after a long time he recovered to an extent to permit his discharge.

stowed away in vanits up in the country. A sigh of relief escaped me when I read this. Up in Albe lief escaped me when I read this. Up in Albany last winter the Governor gave a reception at the Executive Mansion. He dispensed hospitality such as should endear him to the Prohibitionists. But some one size, desirous of pleasing the inner men among those who were not satisfied with lemonade, treated the visil ors to American champagne. The next day Albany was ill. The Senate had a blind headache, a redness of eyes, and an irritability sad to see. The Assembly was ugly, sick, inattentive to duty, and anxious to lie down. The scene in the great Gothic chamber was heartrending. No man who was in the Capitol that day will regret to read of the vast quantilizes of domestic champagne that exist, so long as they are in vaults.

Hobaken's New Briving Park.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Thank-ing you for to-day's notice of the new driving park near this place, there is one thing we beg of you to correct the statement that "the track rests on a solid rock."
This would drive away horsement, as no one wishes to trot horses on hard footing. It is built of loan on a springy bottom—but I may say the association is as "solid as a rock," and will be glad to receive all connects to its races.

H. SCRUATS, JR. liosones, Aug. 15.

Challenge for the Dumb Bell Championship. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I will put up a twelve-pound dumb bell against Ed C. Slickney or any other man for the sum of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side, and from twenty-eight to thirty times a minute. Ed C. Stickney has no claim to champion of the world till he best me for money, and I have the money wait-ing for some newspaper champion.

Apprax Concorar.

712 Wast Twelfth street, Chicago.

The Princess of Wales Sunbs Mrs. Langtry

From the Boston Herald.

LONDON, July 29.—The society journals denounce the Lonsdain-Chetwynd fight in the most unequivocal terms, and Lord Lonsdain, who is a brother of the dissipated character who was the first book of the dissipated character. the dissipated character who was the first husband of Mrs. Langter's friend, Lady de Grey (Gladys Lady Lousdale), is generally condemned.

As for Mrs. Langtry, she was subjected three days

ater to the greatest slight that could be inflicted upon a woman in her position, a deliberate cut from the Princes of Wales, who is not the pastic doll in the Prince's hands that some people imagine. This episode occurred at the Coombe House, where Lady Archibaid Campbell and her pastoral players were giving their last performance of "The Pasthfulle shepherdesse." The Prince of Wales entered into conversation with Mrs. Langing, who drop, d the usual quaint courtesy with which royalty is received; the Princess of Wales had turned her back and was talking to some one else.

A hundred eyes watched the group. It has often been and, and not unjustly, that the Prince of Wales is remarkable for his tact, but even the most distinctiahed social warriors sometimes lose their heads where a pretty woman's interests are concerned, and at this moment if any Mrs. Lamftry needed the consolation of royal favor. The Prince plucked the Princess by the sleeve, after saying to Mrs. Lamftry in quite a loud voice, "Oh, the Princess would like to tell you..." The Princess turned around, surveyed Mrs. Lamftry quite as though she did not see her, gave so slight a how that the inclination of the head was simost imperceptible, and then deliberately turned her back and resumed her conversation with her friends. It was the hottest day of the a seon. had turned her back and was talking to some one else. with her friends. It was the hottest day of the a second but the thermometer seemed to drop a hundred degrees; the Prince looked expansitely feelish. Mrs. Langtry's confusion was painful to tehold, and the social axe had failen! But this new scandal may help the Lity's the atrical interests, which have of late begun to languish.

Sale of Chairs of Hobert Bures.

From the London Standard.

At a sale of resices which had been the property of the pact Surae, at the fam O'shanter lan Ayr. paterday, July 34, he is fain O'shanter and "dentifier for the Life of the Committee and "dentifier definition" chairs fortched £17 such, theirs secured for the strain edge, a small wonden bowl with the strain of the strain of the strain of the secure of the strain of

Committee of the second second

Editor Stead's Brother. From the Atlanta Constitution William Stead at the age of forty has

While William Stand at the age of forty has risen to the editorship of the Juli Mail Gasette and under himself for the thine being the foremost man in England, his brother, who possessed equal ability, sleep in a nameless grave in the little town of Clayton, Alakama. It was in 1872 that clead made his appearance in Clayton, Beautiful Mail Clayton, Alakama at the Clayton of Clayton, Standard and Clayton, Alakama at the Mail Clayton, Blead control, Clayton, Clayton, Mail Clayton, Alakama at the Mail Clayto

Two Methods.

From the Chicago Rambler.

Mendicant—'Scuse me, gentlemen, but would you be kind enough—
Fedestrian—'Asw.
Rendicant—Just a few cents for a night's lodging—
Fedestrian—Naw!
Rendicant—Lodging—no place—sleep—won't yer please—mister— (Voice dies away in the distance. Humiliating sense of failure.)

BECOND ATTEMPT.

SECOND ATTEMPT.

Mendicant—Say, pariner—just a minute.
Pedestrian—Well, what is it?
Mendicant—The fact is I've been drinking hard—
Pedestrian—Great sum! I should say so. Whew!
Mendicant—An I'm cless busied. Now, would you
let me have ten could for a drink?
Pedestrian—Here you are. Go and brace up.
(Mendicant goes and buys a cup of coffee and a sandwich, like a sensible man.)

It Nover Patts.

From the Detroit Prec Press.

They had been enemies for three long years. They passed each witer on the street with storr faces, their wives made fun of each other's dresses, and the children elimbed up on the back fence and called each other shoddy aristocrats. Oh, no, there was no dove of pusce around there, and lots of people predicted that a case of assassination would grow out of it.

Last evening a whole neighborhood was astonished beyond measure. These two families who had thirst-of or each other's scalps were seen it sweet convention on the lawn. The men exchanged cigars the women admired each other's latest purchase, and the blessed little children unged each other's which will be an early with the strength of the seed little children unged each other's latest purchase, and the blessed little children unged each of the strength of the seed of a paying from a blooming instance of poll-evil. Jones experienced a horse in his life, and neither knew a case of apavin from a blooming instance of poll-evil. Jones decided, however, to buy a horse. He was looking one over at his nitching post, when Smith came along. In a moment of forgetfulness Jones remarked:

"Say, Smith, you know all about a horse. How old is this animal?"

In the jerk of a comet's tail rancor and bitterness were orguiten. The fastiery hit Smith plumb-centre and the could be a subject to the country of the policies soul, in the policies and provided Jones not to buy. They went of arm in arm, and the dove of peace now sits on the housetops and warbies his joyous little soul up to high U. From the Detroit Free Press.

Five Editors Welcomed the Post,

The paper had gone to press and the editors were leading back in their chairs fauning them-sive and wondering it sheel could be any hotter than terra when a seedy-looking man with a red nose entered the room, and said timidig:

"Here is a poem—"
Instantily five editors sprang to their feet and five clubs were waving in the air.
"On Heautiful Snow." continued the seedy man.
"What:" simultaneously from five voices.
"A poem on Beautiful Snow," repeated the seedy man,

"A poem on Beautiful Show," repeated the visit deliberation.
Five clushs dropped to the floor and five men crowded tround the poet and shook him by the hands and patied bin on the shoulder, and fairly overwhelmed him with attention. Then he editor in chief led the poet to the

attention. Then the editor-in-cones best chair, and said: "Read it to us." The poet placed his hat, with his handkerchief in it, on the dees, put on a pair of rusty rimmed spectacles, and, unfolding his manuscript, cleared his throat, and on the dees, put on a pair of rusty rimmed spectacles, and unfolding his manuscript, cleared his throat, and began to read.

As he space of the fleest flakes descending in soundless showers, of the whitened fields, the northern binative that the property of the world, the editors put said their fair which is description of the terrors of the froat king, the fury of the storm, and the frozen corpse found beneath the snow next morning ta poem on Beautiful Show without a frozen corpse would be incomplete, the editors shivered and arese and put on their coats.

When the post ceased the thermometer in the office had fallsh thirteen and one-half degrees.

Then the editor-in-chelf arose and said:

"A puet who in the strength of the sweltering heat of a summer day brings into a newspaper office a norm on Heautiful Snow descrees a nonument. As you are not apparently in any special need of a monment at present, come out and we'll stand up the beer for you. Then the glad procession took if way to the subterranean depths of the nearest hostelry.

The Intelligence of Rata. From the St. James's Gazette.

of the Eighty-second Regiment, the commander Lieut John H. McDonald, having been killed early in the day, together with the regiment's coloneal, James Heuston, and many of its officers and men. Carey was a better the first through the arm and side, it was supposed mortally, and left on the field for forty-eight hours after the first part and afterward and side, it was supposed mortally, and left on the field for forty-eight hours after the first part and afterward sent to the hospital on Governor's Island, when after a long time he recovered to an extent to permit its discharge.

Ferhaps the fact that he was never in active services after the fact that he was never in active services and the fact that he was never in active services and the fact that he was never in active services and the fact that he was never in active services and the fact that he was never in active services and the health of the help in a the help in the health of the help in the help in the help in the help in the hel

Gold in an Old Boot. From the Salt Lake Tribune.

Pros the Sait Lake Tribune.

Said an old-timer: "I never saw a ghost, but I once made a pretty good raise where I at first thought I had found a dead man. I was prospecting down in Amador county. California. One day I went up the creek about a mile, and seated myreif on a rock to rest. Across the stream, on the opposite bank, were the remained that the stream of the same of these had almost tumbled in four old cabins. Some of these had almost tumbled in four old cabins. Some of these had almost tumbled from old cabins. Some of these had almost tumbled the four old cabins. Some of these had almost tumbled from the wearing away of the ground on that side. I observe the wearing away of the ground on that side. I observe the wearing away of the ground on that side. I observe the wearing away of the ground on that side. I observe the wearing away of the ground on that side. I observe the man old project from the control of the same should have laid his hearth over an old gum boot. Then it occurred to me that some man might have been nurdered and buried under the hearth.

The foreign the of cabins of the wearing one had the stone that some man might have been nurdered and buried under the hearth.

The foreign the of cabins of the sound of the stone that was still in place. I little the stone that there was only one boot there, and of me and the stone that there was only one boot there, and of the sold sakes out of the old free jets not the sold of the sold in resorting it—burning out the quick-liver it contained on shovels. As I was well known that the early miners were often careless and lost a good deal of fine yield in resorting it—burning out the quick-liver it contained on shovels. As I was passing down the bank I came to the old boot down the bank I came to the old one, and, in presence when the bank I came to the old boot down the bank I came to the old boot down the bank I came to the old one, and an present down the bank I came to the old boot down the bank I came to the end poured a golden shower of nungeri

Jonestana.

From the Rev. Sam Jones's Sermon at Loveland, Saturday.

From the Rev. Sam Jones's Sermon at Loveland, Saturday,

Aug. 8.

There's not one in ten of you here who carea a rap whether a man gets a place to eather sicep just as long as you and your wife and children get enough. Yes, the sermon as you and your wife and children get enough. Yes, the sermon as you and your wife and children get enough. Yes, the last has a sermon as you can the sermon as you are you as it with that chas.

I'm your guest, and I'm agoing to behave my-self, but mix with that chas.

I'm your guest, and I'm agoing to say a few things, and if you don't like the way things go you know the way out.

God will not do for any one what a man will not do for himself. That's your own job, and some of you have got a mighty touch job. God will never quit drinking winches for you, and nothing in viol's world will keep a may won't stay in the your in history. Christ and white key a won't stay in the your in history. Christ and white key won't stay in the your in history. Christ and white he you know a pinus position in American Gay? Do you? Back me out one: I want to see him powerful had. I've been having for one for years. I shi't on posities, but I wanted to say this much.

I've so the prefoundest contempt for man or woman that will drink wine, beer, or whiskey. It's these things that are debeaching humanity.

I've are tots of preachers who are everlastingly pranching on the tool sate of redemption, on the Division of the my-letter be so as a preacher things that are debeaching humanity.

I've her have the state that have.

''ile the devil don't wan any better loke on a preacher than to start him off on that here.

''ile that onive ten not shall be dammed.' That's infinitely are practical influeis—on called. He does no narm. If you want to know the influeis of this country, it's the Methodest's the Press terian, and the Bapitat. Include the world with the one had they get in a their religion of the world who haven't struck a liet of work with their own hands for years. They begand and is a their self call

fellow in this country has mistaken a disordered lives for religion—a miserable old dose it is to carry. I don't care whether a man laught or crier at cheme. I want to know whether he's a good hasband or father and to know whether he's a good husband or father ath a good neighbor.

We have disgnated the world with our religion—it's not attractive to the race, because our religion is without joy, giadees, smiles, and songs.

Last's get a little more get up and git in our religion, it without the set a little more get up and git in our religion. It would keep always to be and three-miles and or lick would keep shand nere and see that sister headed for the theatre on Wednesday night, tired wants her to go to traver meeting, and the will pull on that line, and the deal wants her to go to the theatre, and the pull on that line, and the deal wants her to go to the theatre, and he pulls on the deal wants her to go to the theatre, and he pulls on the line. Don't criticise me, but criticise vourself. You have the course of the course of

Female Clerke Must Go. From the Chicago News.

Press the Chicago Noise.

"What appears to be the sentiment of the present Administration in regard to the employment of women as clerk?" inquired the Noise correspondent of a high Treasury official yesterday.

"United the rules of the Civil Service Commission are changed," was the reely. The women will be slowly account of the commentation of the control of the c

were female clerks, and the men employed outnumbered the women four to one."

"But the idea in the departments seem to be unany mously opposed to having women over them."

"Then they warrant all I say on the subject."

"Yould women make good others of division to select good chiefs from fifty women than from fifty men. All the men will be a subject. I have need to good chiefs from fifty women than from fifty men. All then are not fit to direct others. Some of the best clerks have proved total failures as chief. I have nearly as some of ladies in my division, and I could select at least three out of them capable in every respect to run my own division after a little experience—I mean with a corps of exclusively female clerks."

Bitten by a Copportend.

From the Reading Edgis.

All day Joshua Schlaggi has been lying deep ly under the indicence of liquor at Flying filli Park, shortly after 7 o'clock this morning he was bitten in the forefunger of his left hand by a very large copperhase placed under the indicence of liquor. It did not require much, as Mr. Schleggi is not a drunking man. Mr. Schleggi, with a number of others, was working in a small revine, getting out stone. A few minutes before he was bitten be remarked to one of his fellow workmen. "I believe there are snakes in these stones." He then stooged down and endeavored to move a large rock with his left hand. He did not notice the black copperhead snake coiled on the ground near the stone. Quick as a fassh, and without any warning, the rooftle pulmed its head toward Mr. Schleggel shock his hand without thing a serious wound. Schleggel shock his hand violet thing a serious wound. Schleggel shock his hand violet thing a serious wound. Schleggel shock his hand violet thing a serious wound snake to death. The wound bled profusely, and chamened swelling feerfully. The pot enous fluid was snake to death. The wound hed profusely, and chamened swelling feerfully. The pot enous fluid was squezzed out of the wound, and a sert of vallow matter ooged out. The fluere was tightly bound near the joint to prevent the circulation of bossen in the blood. Schleggi became sick at the stonneth, but was microscious after he had swallowed a haif-pint of whiskey.

They were Inexperienced. From the Detroit Free Press.

We first came upon a young farmer afoot and in somewhat of shurry. Two or three of the fluwers of his right him I were badly shattered, and he I at hos topp 4 long enough to ouvelope the hand in a rag. He said something about "three miles and a disctor."

Driving along for shout half a mile, we came men a dead mule in harness, with a wreat splinter driven clear through him. There was a low alout 12 years of age seated on a pile of raits near by, but he was wiping blood off his heel and didn't seem to hear our questions. Half a mile heyond this is a log cavin. O e wide was halfed in the heart of the word of the was a low of the word of the heart of the word o

" No."
" Somebody shooting f"
" ho"
" Can't be a political meeting ?"
" No."
" Well, what in Halifax is the row, then ?"
" Nuthin", 'cent the old man and the bays has got some dynamite to blow up stumps with, and they're sort e' green at the bizness."

From the Curterville American.

In a cortain backwoods community a suspinious sitaracter had been arrested for cattle stealing. When he trial cause up he was represented by abla when he trial cause up he was represented by abla picton, and seemed to feel that his presence was entirely unaccessary. He assumed an unusual amount of dignity, and called the court to order. Having been in the Superior Court a few times he had caught an idea of how criminals were tried there, so he arraigned the prisoner and demanded "Guility or not smitt; "

The prisoner responded, "Not guility," and the Justice looked him squarely in the face and said, "Now, see lers, you know that's as black a lie as you ever told."

The lawer suggested that the Court should not pass judgment before hearing the evidence. The Court initiated mildly that he knew his own husiness and needding the Justice proceeded to pass preferred by the Court that the defendant be consined in the chain gaing at hard labor for twelve months."

"Hoid on, your Honor," said the lawyer, "you have so jurisdiction to pass such a sentence we that. Too can only blind the prisoner over to answer for the crime at the Superior Court. You have no right to sentence him to the chain gaing."

"Now, see here young man, this Court thinks she From the Carterwille American.

"Now, see here young man, this Court thinks she move incred," and it will stand you in hand to keep your mouth shut. If I hear another word out of you I'll give you six months in the chain gan." The lawyer collapsed, and the Justice proceeded with the call of his docket. Wanted Him for a Model.

From the Chicago Herald. A flashily dressed young man was standing just inside the front door of the passenger coach pretending to look out the window at the scenery. Occasionally he walked to the rear end of the car. He did a great deal of stitudinizing, appearently for the tenefits of the laddes. He seemed to think his shape perfection, and enough to travel on in case the cars stopped. His manly form was so conspiruous that pretty soon a passence went up to him and said:

"Sir, you exite my admiration. I am an artist—a scalptor—and I should like rour services as a model."

"Aw, thanks, sir, are you making an Apollor returned the young man, with a look of triumph toward the lady passengers.

"Oh, no," said the artist, "cigar signs."

The Sankes Grow Larger as the Season Ad-

From the Atlanta Constitution. Yesterday a party of several gentlemen were exploring the mysteries of tirand timem, when one of the men came suddenly upon one of the men came suddenly upon one of the most summons rathesmakes ever seen in this part of the country. It measured no less than eight feel in length and two feet in sand the second of the most summon of the most summon who first saw him at once drew his revolver and fired several shots at the reptite. As son as the first shot was fred the snake si off into the river, over an direct showing that he had been wounded by the pisto ball. As the snake swam across the river he made wave like those made by a large dog, and attered a peculiar buzzing noise like a swarn of beat. He reached the opposite side of the river, and was soon lost to sight in the eleft of a rock.

Gen. Grant aud the Irlah Liens.

From the Pall Mall Gazette. A new and characteristic anecdote of Gen-Grant was related by Dr. Haugino. Freedent of the Royal Zodlogical Society of freland, on the occasion of the visit of the Lord Leurenant to the epinetic gardens of the institution at Builin. When then Grant visited the city the raverend doctor had the honor of conduct-ing him around the gardens. The Boctor observed that the dienersi was a silent man. He asked him what he would like to see, and he replied, "Bring me a chair, and put me in front of the lions. I want to see your Irish loons." "He sat down," added the Dactor, "and smoked two cigars, and then went out of the gardens without saying another word."

Mr. Mitesell Still Anxious to be Knocked Onte

"What do I think of Sullivan as a fighter "What do I think of Sullivan as a fighter mow? replied Muldon to a obsession. "Well, not as much as f did. A man who driess too hard cannot keep up the athletic standing solver in the ring or on of it. He writing the standing solver in the ring or one of it. He writing a deal of the west standing solver in the ring or one of it. He writing to the standing solver of the standing solver of the solver of the

The Bog It Was Tent Died.

From the Utica Press. Yesterday a novel death certificate was put a record at Registrar Bagg's office. It read as follows: on record at Registrar Bagg's office. It read as follows:
Died—Aug. 6, 1985; Nague-Robie; Georgation—Fetdog; Residence—31 Cottage street; Nativity—American;
Cours—Party volos ed; Duration of Huess—One month;
Cause of d-ath—tumor; Physician—W. T. Holmgworth, D. V. 8.
An undertaker was employed in the case, and a burial
berinit given. The remains were taken to Holman Patent
for interment, and this proper framportation permit,
signed by the health officer of the city, was given.

He Had Fatth to Morphine. From the Boston Post,

storekeeper in a certain New Hampshire A storekooper in a certain New Hampshire town has for some days been in the argest having ethanic flowing for the store of the store in the store of the store skilled a ratio enough of the store in the store store of the store skilled a ratio enough of froze a further of two and about most set them to froze of the store. Then the store expert was one by the store of the store of

From the Chicago Ledger "Does your historid go to the lodge Mra.

This is the last of the lodge Mra.

This is the last of the lodge Mra.

This is the last of the lodge Mra.

The last of the last of the last of the lodge Mra.

The last of the last